

The Yellow Lord

By Will Levington Comfort

Supreme Monarch of an Island Fortress Hidden in the Southern Seas—This Was The Yellow Lord—Read of the Coming of Bowditch, Soldier of Fortune, and the Grim War That Broke That Monarch's Iron Power.

THE EVENING WORLD OFFERS A NEW SERIAL STORY EVERY TWO WEEKS.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Bowditch, American soldier of fortune, finds himself stranded in Shanghai, and accepts an offer to act as master of a small island in possession of the Chinese Coast. He is a handsome, well-to-do man, and is a member of the Yellow Lord's court. He is a member of the Yellow Lord's court. He is a member of the Yellow Lord's court.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME things are run rather well on this little red earth after all. I mean from the inside. Hemiter always thought well of himself—extremely—and never more so than a moment since, when he saw Comitu's mind break training before his own calmness and self-control.

Capt. Hemiter ran from one side of his bridge to stare down at the row of tea-pickers, and to the other to see if the scintillating shore had heaved forth some volcanic wrath. His frightened eyes then roved from the smashed boat down to the sardonic face of Comitu, now a considerable distance from the inhospitable sides of the Virgin. Finally Capt. Hemiter settled on Catten, his own peculiar and natural devil, and now his eyes were held, his thin gray lips making round O's of amazement and early S's of scorn and hatred. As I knew Catten, he was not at his highest best that instant. He wasn't what you would call spiritual. . . . A second shot had just crumpled the reinforced rim of the Virgin's brick-red smoke stack, and words came at last to the Skipper—feeble and futile and gasping—words addressed to his devil:

"And now what have you got to say for yourself, sir?"

"Me, sir?" Catten asked.

"I'm looking at you."

"Just greetings, Capt. Hemiter, and to Missus Hemiter, greetings and—"

A shell breezed past the bridge without touching.

"Greetings and suggestion—that you order some speed up, if you care to save your ship, sir. Just a suggestion."

Catten would never have offered the cue if he had not some personal interest in the welfare of the Virgin. Never before in that tight and tortuous channel had he seen the Virgin's bows for full speed. The throbs of returned power was under the Virgin's decks. The Skipper cooled himself somewhat in bringing his ship around the harbor to the Tei Tsing buoy, as he alone knew the passage.

Four or five shots went wide in the next three minutes, then one under took to bore a new hole for the anchor chain far forward above the forecastle. This rattled Hemiter's with a second time, and he called to Catten in some a man never forgave from another. Still below, I saw my friend stroll across the bridge—saw his shoulders grasped in Hemiter's two hands, and heard him say:

"Take 'em off—for me, please, Mr. Catten. Take 'em off."

"Your Chinese. That's what they're about, isn't it? No one would shoot at my ship."

"It might look so, but my Chinese don't make up your Jolly Skipper. I've the rescue party. See Comitu."

After was cruelly frightened, and traced. He followed Catten's point finger, and saw the Virgin's bows were streaking back toward shore.

"I don't think you'll lose any time by riding with us over to the Jozebel landing."

I didn't pretend to get his plan. The remark seemed superfluous, since the Virgin was making the delicate passage across the harbor at a speed only permitted in wide sea room on charted waters.

"The point is," Catten added, "you're to hurry back to the shore now. Leave me most of these Chinese to keep the Virgin."

We may have to take her cannon back to the entrance if Comitu's cannon be gin to negotiate the distance across the harbor."

We reached our mooring safely, and presently as I was being pulled ashore I saw the Virgin was turning the stern of the Virgin out toward the harbor—a new use for the anchor, but no broadside exposure.

Row-ched the Virgin was until that moment I saw her in the turning. And now a gladness came over me at a thought of going back to the shore.

It seemed as if a big target had been well done out the harbor, and that Chinese would be pleased when I told her. Before reaching the top of the lodge I heard Sheldrake's voice. Lance was there, beckoning in excitement.

The fear in my heart was crippling. I hate to confess it, but crippling in the word. I wasn't a free man, not the man of a day or two before. The barking and beckoning preyed upon me, lest something had happened to Chiheen. So far as the castle was concerned, I was a prisoner. One used nerve for that, not emotion like this.

CHAPTER XII.

I FOUND Hoy Mon in the anteroom and reported what had happened down in the harbor. He listened without confusion. Leaving me to stand by the door, he went to a certain cabinet on the wall, took forth the key from under the flowered blouse and opened the door. He stared for several moments into the cabinet, as one might look at a mirror. The swinging door was between Hoy Mon and myself, so I could not see what he looked at so carefully without lifting his hands.

The anteroom was dim and formal—thick mosquito-like arch entering the Yellow Lord's quarters. Hoy Mon seemed more to belong here than in the little room which he had occupied formerly.

There was more space for his pencil brush litter in this room, deep

'Elixir of Love,' With Caruso and Mabel Garrison

By Sylvester Raucing.

D ONIZETTI'S "L'Elisir d'Amore"

took its place in the season's

repertory at the Metropolitan

Opera House last night. It was

presented admirably and the singing with

which it was embellished was of the

finest quality. The audience, of en-

capacity size with a disappointed host

turned away, was regaled with a

rare treat. Caruso, as Nemorino, sel-

dom has disclosed such consummate

artistry in the use of his unrivaled

voice, which he disclosed in the full-

ness of his beauty. One had to wait

for the "Una furtiva lagrima" to

recognize the fact. Mabel Garrison,

as Adina, kept him fitting company.

Her singing was exquisite. The only

cause for regret was that her voice

hadn't greater volume. Scotti, as Bel-

core, was a dashing soldier and Didur,

as Dulcamara the quack doctor, nat-

urally was adept as a comedian but he

sang the florid passages of his part

with astonishing agility. Mary Ellis,

it somewhat colorless as Giannetta,

was tuneful and animated, and Mr.

Papi conducted with spirit. Mr. Gatti

may congratulate himself upon a rat-

ing good performance.

The death of Cleofonte Campanini,

director of the Chicago Opera Com-

pany, is a loss to all opera-lovers.

William Mr. Campanini's co-opera-

tion, Oscar Hammerstein could not

have secured the fame that fell to

him as an impresario. One of the

ablest and most magnetic of modern

conductors, with an open mind and

a catholic taste, Mr. Campanini did

more, perhaps, than any man to raise

the standard of production and to en-

large the repertory of opera in Amer-

ica. To those of us who had the priv-

ilege of knowing him intimately the

death of Mr. Campanini is a shock,

a sorrow, and a grief.

Mr. Stranisky and the orchestra of

Philharmonic Society at Carnegie

Hall yesterday afternoon played for

the first time in America Sylvio Ma-

zar's "Elixir de Nuit," composed to

a poem by Paul Verlaine. The work

is richly orchestrated in the modern

way, and attractive because of its

coloring, but it is not so polynami-

cally descriptive of the things that hap-

pen in the night. Tchaikovsky's fifth

symphony, exceptionally well played,

led the program. The program was

completed by the three symphonies

by Mr. Stranisky that she sang on

Thursday night and added the pre-

ludic and love-death from Wagner's

"Tristan and Isolde." She still was

not in her best voice.

George Harris Jr., the tenor, gave a

recital at Aeolian Hall last night. His

program contained some unback-

neyed themes, as Mr. Harris's pro-

gramme always do, including it

Vaughan Williams' "On Wenlock

Edge," which is going to the accom-

paniment of Carolyn Beebe at the

piano and a string quartet. Compos-

itions by Gluck, Bach, Schubert, Rim-

sky, and Beethoven's Egmont over-

ture.

Alexandra de Markoff gave a piano

recital at Aeolian Hall yesterday

afternoon. She was a pupil of the

bavarian. Her playing is incisive,

her tone is small, her personality is

attractive. Her programme included

two sonatas by Scarlatti, two of her

own compositions, and works by

Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky,

Schumann and Schubert.

Duke's in the Dog Peelage And Joe's a Nobleman, Too; They'll Be Reunited To-Day

By Roger Batchelder.

W ELL call him Joe, because he

served six months at Black-

well's Island for a mistake, and has

since "come back." When he came this

time to Essex Market Court it was

not as a defendant but as the cham-

pion of Duke, an English bull of far

reaching pedigree. Duke is under-

standing. He is a prize-winning

English bull.

Joe was mixed up in a fight about

a year ago, and when he came before

the Judge was found guilty. Then

he was sent to the workhouse to pon-

der on iniquities of mankind. He

sent his wife and kiddies back to

grandmother's so that no one would

be able to taunt them, and he served

the long dreary weeks and months,

and came out, a chastened man.

Duke had been left with a friend,

who promised to take good care of

him and feed him the succulent dog

biscuits, well moistened with warm

milk, at specified periods. He also

promised the Duke should receive his

daily bath, and would receive every

attention befitting one of his social

status.

On his return Joe went to the house

of his friend and asked for Duke.

"Why, you sent word for me to give

him away," declared the friend.

"When Bill told me that I gave Duke

to him, for I thought that was what

you ordered."

There was the situation. Duke had

been "borrowed" by some one else

under false pretenses. Joe was not

satisfied. And for all Joe knew, had

been sold with all his blue ribbon

and dog medals. And when

Joe went some at night his children,

who had been brought back to the

city and were living in a different

section, demanded: "Where is Duke?"

You promised that would give him

back to us when we came to the city

again. And all Joe could do was to

promise that Duke would be returned

soon.

Joe went to Essex Market Court

voices, and Julia Arthur will give a

Christmas entertainment complimen-

tary to 10,000 needy children at

the First Regiment Armory on Tues-

day evening.

The choir of St. Bartholomew's

Church will sing the first part of

Handel's "The Messiah" to-morrow

afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

The Martin-Smith Music School

will give a concert next Saturday

evening devoted to show what the

colored child is doing along serious

musical lines. The programme will

include movements from two con-

certos and Beethoven's Egmont over-

ture.

The second of the Chamber Music

concerts given by Sam Franko, under

the auspices of the Music League

of the People's Institute at Washing-

ton Irving High School, will take

place on to-morrow evening.

There will be a recital at the Music

Settlement, No. 55 East Third

Street, to-morrow evening by Helen

Wolfe, soprano, violin, and Eliza-

beth Robwell, soprano. The public

is welcome.

Prof. Samuel A. Baldwin will give

his annual lecture on "The Modern

City College to-morrow afternoon. It

will be the last until Jan. 4.

The New Symphony Orchestra, the

New Liberty Chorus of 1919.

with his friend Bill, and told the

facts to His Honor, Judge Nolan

asked Assistant District Attorney

Hogan to issue one of his subpoenas

for the man who had taken the dog.

He was located and the subpoena was

served, but the man failed to appear

in court yesterday.

"And, Judge, my children are crying

for Duke; he is their pet, and they

are so unhappy without him," de-

clared Joe.

"Make out a warrant," ordered

Judge Nolan sternly.

So today the man who took Duke

will be required to appear in court

with him, and will have to explain to

the Judge his reasons for taking him

away from Joe's friend.

And as Joe went home last night,

and his children asked, "Where is

Duke?" he was able to answer with

a smile, "To-morrow Duke will be

back with us; he has just been away

on a visit."

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